



T H E

FLEECE PROTECTED,

A N E W S O N G.

Tune, "TRUE BLUE."

TIME was, we are told, when Britons of old,
Had never a Rag on their Skin,
When the Hide of some Brute, was their holiday Suit,
Well match'd to the Hair on their Chin.
Fal. la!, &c.

But Alfred arose, and new model'd their Clothes,
The Loom now had first its beginning,
Blaze taught them to pull, into slivers the Wool,
And the Ladies were all set to Spinning.

Such Men in the State, old England grew great,
Her Sons all wore Breeches and flourish'd ;
Much Plenty was found, for Wealth must abound,
While the Fleece and the Loom are encouraged.

France saw us grow great, and envied our State,
Our Fleece she much long'd to possess ;
She held out her Bribe, and the curst Smuggling Tribe,
Grew rich by their Country's Distress.

But now the Game's up, for see what a Troop
Of Worthies stand forth to defend us ;
They fight for the Fleece, like the Heroes of Greece,
With *Pitt* at their Head to befriend us.

The Lincolnshire Frogs peep'd out of their bogs,
And stunn'd the whole House with their croaking ;
Young Arthur he bray'd forth his Curses on Trade,
And merits a Horse-pond to soak in.

Now see the Monfieurs how they hang down their Ears,
" Marbieu, dere must be no more Smoogling ;
" De English vil keep, bote de Wool and de Sheep,
" In spite of our Livres and Joogling."

Then take up your Glass, and now let it pass,
While the Bells all so merrily chime,
Drink Friends in the State, who watch England's Fate,
To save in the Critical Time.

Now fill it once more, to those Friends to the Poor,
Who boldly stepped forth in the Cause ;
May *Norwich* still thrive, its Commerce revive,
And our Delegates share our Applause.